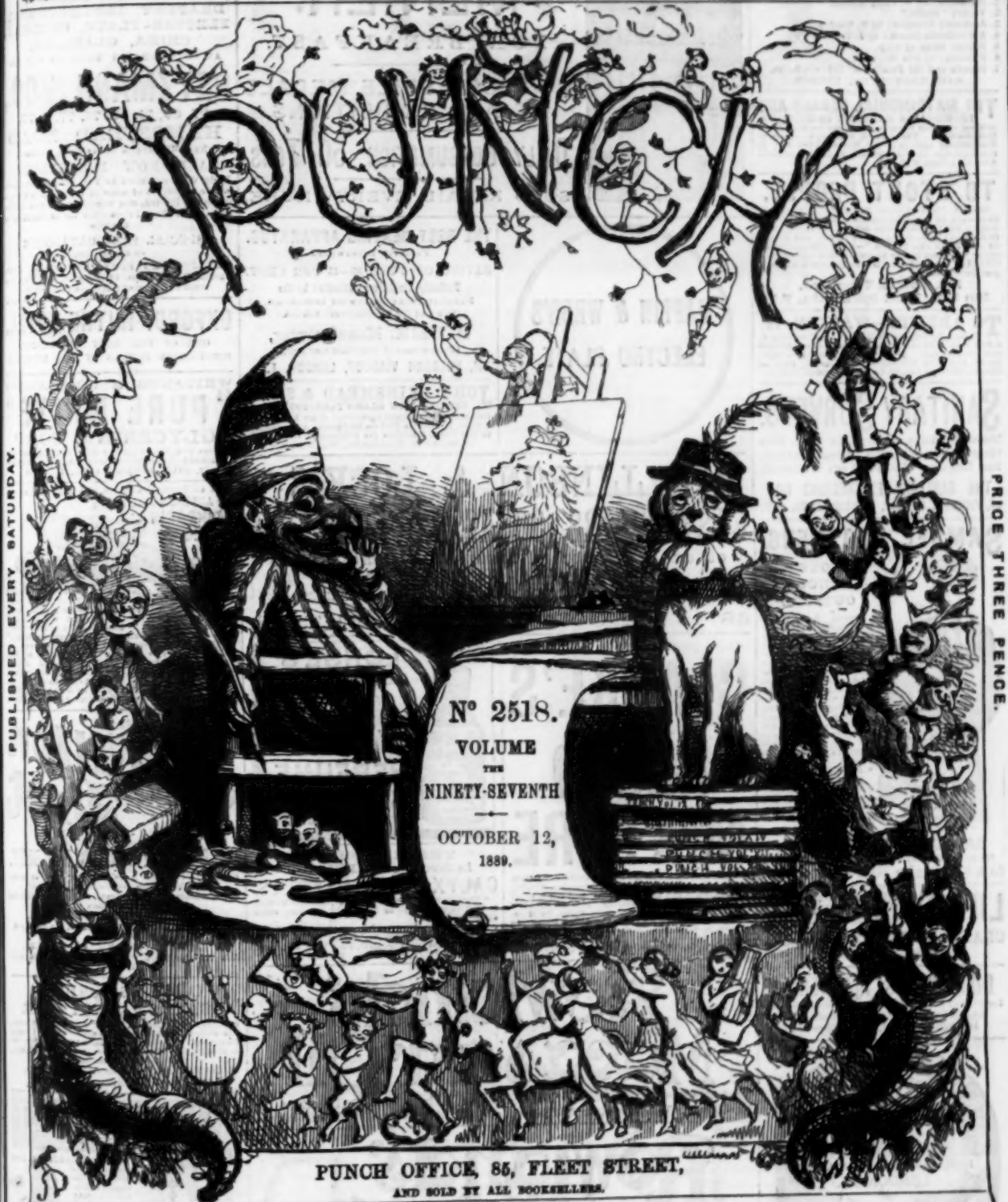


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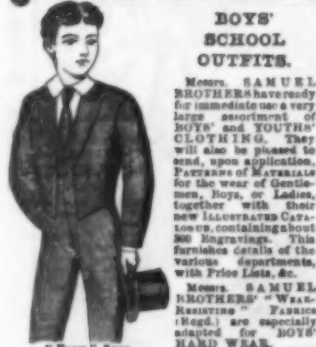
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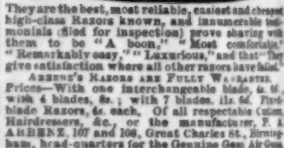
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their veils and smirk, glancing sily in the direction of the photographer, so as to catch his eye if possible, and secure his special if not exclusive attention.

Then *The Defiance* starts, and a lively drive we have to Lynton. The gentlemen are requested to walk up the worst hill, just out of Parracombe, which some do cheerfully and some grudgingly,

BATHING RECIPROCITIES.

THERE is a magnificent swimming-bath attached—I may say deeply, in some parts, at least, attached—to the hotel. But the Philosopher, the Poet, and myself, have never been able to make any use of it, because from ten to two it is given up to the ladies; and as from twelve to one—i.e., before luncheon—happens to be the only hour when a swim in a certain temperature is recommended us by the faculty, and the alternative of open-air sea-bathing involves so much discomfort, we have been reluctantly compelled to abandon all idea of testing the merits of the Ilfracombe Hotel Swimming Bath until such time as the present inconvenient rule is altered, or a separate bath built for the unfair sex who wish to have everything their own way. With only one swimming-bath, surely the ladies (bless 'em!) could be satisfied with three mornings a week, and give the gentlemen a chance, at all events, from mid-day till 1'30 on the other three, Sundays not being included.

The sea-shore bathing is pleasant enough for those who like *al fresco* entertainment; and it is as free-and-easy as at a French watering-place. It is true there is one place set apart for the Nephews, and another for the Amphitrites. But these invidious distinctions are frequently set aside. One day I saw two soberly attired elderly ladies in the gentlemen's bathing-cove, seated reading, and occasionally looking up to see what the bathers were doing. I could not see what they were reading, but perhaps these two ladies were members of the Salvation Army, delivering sermons to the bathers. The only reason I had for thinking that they might possibly belong to the Salvation Army was, that they were seated on campstools. However, gentlemen stroll into the cove reserved for ladies, and so there can be no cause for complaint.

"We must visit Lynton," says Our Own Mr. COOK.

"Hear, hear!" interrupts HARRY SKRYMMAGER. "I recollect. I had to get up poetry for my exam. Beautiful description—

"On Lynton, when the sun was low"—

"Excuse me," says the Poet, "you mean Linden."

"Do I?" returns SKRYMMAGER, reflectively. "Well, perhaps I do. Awful jolly place, Miss NETLEY. Stunning good ferns there. Let's go."

There are plenty of four-horse coaches travelling between Ilfracombe and Lynton, and the horn is tootling all day. The chief coaches,—which I may term the Government Coaches,—supplied from Messrs. POOL and WOOD's stables, are called *The Defiance* and *The Dreadnought*. The Opposition is represented by SAM Somebody's Coach, and two "sharrybangs" named respectively *Tickler* and *Teazer*. Beautiful subject for a political picture. *The Defiance* driven by Lord SALISBURY, and *The Dreadnought* by the Right Hon. ARTHUR BALFOUR, *Tickler* by Mr. TIM HEALY, and *Teazer* by Mr. LABOUCHÈRE. Every morning these coaches and the "sharrybangs" *Teazer* and *Tickler* keep the town alive with their coach-horns. The first Government coach for Lynton starts at 9'15, and commences proceedings by posing to have its likeness taken every morning regularly in front of the Clarence Hotel. Great rush, on these occasions, of every loungee to get himself into focus with *The Defiance*, and be taken, not by coach, but by photographer. All the outsiders are "in it," which sounds paradoxical, but so it is.

"Now, Gentlemen and Ladies!" says the coachman, in a white hat, which has had its pristine gloss taken off it by exposure to all sorts and conditions of weather. "Now, Gentlemen and Ladies, keep still, if you please!" And then everyone puts on his and her most festive appearance, all strike attitudes, and one or two, afraid of being lost in the crowd, stand up surreptitiously, and so exclude some shy and nervous passenger on the back seat. Everybody pretends utter indifference to the operation, both before and after; but for all that the gentlemen give a jaunty jerk to their hats, arrange their coat-collars and twist their moustaches, while the ladies lift

as not having paid to walk. All sit well back and gasp as they descend into Lynton.

We furtively glance at one another to see how each one of us likes going down this precipitous descent. Catching each other's eye, we smile,—forced smiles,—merely to encourage the performance. Miss BRONDESLY laughs hysterically, stiffens herself as if to meet a shock, clutches her handkerchief, which she has rolled up into a small ball, with one hand, and grips the back rail with the other. Our Own Mrs. COOK smiles nervously. We try to distract each other's attention and our own from the present crisis by pretending to admire distant scenery; but the evident effort is a failure, especially when tried



Nothing when you're used to it.

on Our Own Mrs. COOK, to whom, as I keep one eye on the off-leader, I point out the distant prospect of hill and wood, and say, "Look! isn't that beautiful?" She replies, in a jerky tone—"Oh—yes—very pretty—beautiful!" and you don't get her to take her eyes off the horses, or her hands off the rail—she is prepared to jump off anywhere at the shortest notice—until we are safely ascending the next hill. Then we take a long breath, mutually congratulate one another, and look admiringly at the coachman, in whom we all have the most unbounded confidence.

Lynton is lovely. All I say now is, Go there and see. Capital luncheon, and reasonable prices, at the Valley of Rocks Hotel.

Advice gratis.—Take small traps, and drive by the lower road to Lynton, stopping for refreshment at the Hunter's Inn, and going down to Heddon's Mouth. Coach doesn't do this. And only a very first-rate experienced driver, as is the proprietor of *The Defiance*, for example, can safely conduct a "sharrybang" along that rough road, a considerable part of which, like most of the Devonshire lanes, is length without breadth, and a tight fit for one.

"YOU ARE OLD FATHER WILLIAM."—A contributor to the *Figaro*, writing about M. COQUELIN's return to the Français, mentions that this clever comedian has got an adaptation, by M. PAUL DELAIRE, of SHAKESPEARE's *Taming of the Shrew*, called, *La Mégère Corrignée*. But the writer does not anticipate much success for the venture. "Pas très communicative, en France, du moins," he says, "la gaieté du vieux WILLIAM." Perhaps M. COQUELIN had better leave old WILLIAM's farcical comedy alone.



"GROUND GAME."

Wife. "Ah, THEN YOU'VE BEEN SUCCESSFUL AT LAST, DEAR!"

Husband (prevaricating). "YE—YES, I BAGGED——"

Wife (missing). "AND HIGH TIME YOU DID! I SHOULD SAY BY THE—OR!—IT MUST BE COOKED TO-DAY!"

[It came out afterwards the Impostor had bagged it at the Poulterer's!]

UNTILED; OR, THE MODERN ASMODEUS.

VI.

"'ROOKERIES must be put down!'" So, ten years since,
All speakers, priest, philanthropist, or prince
Accorded in asserting. [mist
To-night look here! This scene of mirk and
Confronts the economic analyst.
Pray, is it not diverting?"

So my guide queried with a mirthless smile.
Darkness possessed the city mile on mile,
But here the night's thick shadows
Were dusk with horror and with foulness dank.
Strange that so nauseous a nook should rank
Midst the world's Eldorados!

Here, in cold scorn of decency and health,
Proceeds that manufacturing of wealth
Which seems the Town's chief duty.
Mammon's alembic in this dreary den
Drains, like a succubus, the sap of men,
And woman's youth and beauty.

The steam that surges up like Tophet's breath
From this dim haunt of toil, and sin, and
Reeks with a foul infection. [death,
What if some moral search-light's sudden
glare

The loathly secrets of the slum laid bare
To Fashion's close inspection?

Here festering toil, there congregated crime,
In thick miasma, and 'midst sodden slime!
This rotting roof-tree covers

Two swiftly-stitching creatures, haggard,
pale; [and vale,
And they once wandered free through wold
Young, healthy, rustic lovers.

Drawn by the ever-widening whirlpool down
To the huge maddening Maelström called the
Town,

Behold them vainly swelling
That great competitive Carmagnole-dance,
More frenzied than the frantic whirl of France,
Whose music is death's knelling.

What Dance of Death, what Witches' Round,
indeed, [Greed?

More dread than that wild whirl of Need and
Madmen tarantula-bitten,
Dervishes frenzy-fired, less blindly spin
Than captives of that huge commercial gin,
By hope-light never litten.

"These hoped," my guide exclaimed, "for
some brief space, [grace.
Whilst he had manhood, and whilst she had
Thy rack, relentless Labour,
Soon slays down all the sweetnesses of Life.
How soon will they relinquish the fierce strife,
Like her, their hideous neighbour?"

"She laboured once, once loved. Strange
product, she,
Of *Laissez Faire* and the new Chivalry!"

Not toiling, nay nor spinning,
This other spectre of the Slum; she sits
With slattern garb and spirit-sodden wit.
That smile once sweet and winning?

The satyr grinning of a classic mask
Leers less revolting. Drudgery's grinding task,
Has this for one fair issue.
Labour unstirred by love, unstarved by hope,
Leads hither! Vain to weave the glittering
In poesy's golden tissue. [trope

The dignity of labour? Taking phrase,
To form a tag for song in simpler days
Of lyric exaltation.

But who is he who gathers dignity
From Labour, which involves man's misery,
And woman's degradation?

"Behold!" my guide exclaimed. I looked
and saw

A portly person with prognathous jaw,
And lips like purple lizards. [gold,
A thing that seemed to reek of greed and
With fat fast-clutching hands, and eyes as
As caste, or arctic blizzards. [cold

He lolled upon a velvet-cushioned couch,
His bulk agleam with glittering gem and ouch;
Watching his breast's upheaval,
For all his shape of man, and sheen of gold,
Methought that so the saurian might have
rolled

Swine-like in slime primeval.

"A Lord of Modern London!" laughed my
guide,

"A civic prince, a thing of pomp and pride,
A magnate of the City,

Possessed of power and popular repute;
A self-made hero, and a selfish brute
Barren of human pity.

"The Dagon-idol of a moneyed mob.
Life's secret, friend, is knowing how to rob.
A solemn unction hallows
Accepted styles, they're secret, and succeed,
Whereas unfashionable systems lead
To prison or the gallows."

I watched the creature nodding o'er his wine,
His solitude seemed filled with dreams divine.
See! they take shape before us.

Rank grovels, Beauty bows to such success,
Loud in his praise the platform and the
Chant an ecstatic chorus. [press

And there in the dream's background pallid,
dumb,

I see those huddled spectres of the slum,
Grim phantoms cold, intrusive.



"THE HIDDEN HAND."

He little heeds them; yet those dismal dens
Plump many a total his fat finger pens,
And that is not illusive.

Let them live on, so in the shade they work,
Sordidly sin, or wearily work,
Slaves, though no solid fetters
Shackle their limbs. What matters it how
sad

Those grovelling serfs, so that the brutes,
though bad,
Bring good unto their "betters?"

A human wolf, but one who need not scour
The snowy steppes, lean-flanked, long hour on
hour

In search of some stray quarry.
His food is folded safe in pen and sty,
Where she-things sin, and sweaters' victims
The spectacle is sorry! [die]

"Nay, friend; Necessity all Nature
rules,"
My guide replied. "Sentiment only pules
At Nature's law benignant.

The 'wise indifference of the wise' assume.
Fools only at the stern decrees of doom
Rail, fruitlessly indignant.

"How he, our full-fed wolf, would laugh,
elate,
At dreams of Law avowed lamb's-advocate!
Scarce in the form of fable
Would such a quaint conceit escape the scorn
Of that wide world of shearers and the shorn,
The shearers deem so stable!"

(To be continued.)

DEAD HEART ALIVE!

PROLOGUE. SCENE—Gardens somewhere in Paris, Old Mabile, perhaps, about 1771. Very pretty and effective. Enter Wicked Abbé BANCROFT and Insignificant Aristocratic Voluptuary.

Insignificant Aristocratic Voluptuary. Are you a Monsignore?

Wicked Abbé B. (considering). Aw—no. (Considers again, with head on one side, like Barnaby Rudge's Raven.) Why do you ask?

Insignificant Arist. (feebly). Because you're dressed in purple. Never heard of any ecclesiastic wearing purple, 'cept Bishop, or Canon, or Monsignore.

Wicked Abbé B. (considering). Aw—you see—I—aw—am going to wear black in the next Act—aw. So this makes a change. And it's effective—eh? (Earnestly.) I hope it's correct?

Insignificant Arist. My dear fellow, as Wicked Abbé you're not expected to be correct.

Wicked Abbé B. (with short laugh). True. Aha! "What's the odds as long as you're Abbé?" (Remembers what they're there for.) But about the girl? (Insignificant Aristocrat appears interested. Abbé continues darkly.) You can possess her. Her lover LANDRY has called me "the Court Jackal." Stupid, but offensive. I shall at once get an order to "admit one" to the Chamber of Horrors in the Bastille. He'll be the "one." Aha! See? [They go up talking.]

Enter Good Old ARTHUR STIRLING with Miss KATE PHILLIPS and merry members of the Democracy.

Miss Kate Phillips (to Good Old ARTHUR). They call you "the bear."

Good Old ARTHUR (growling). Um! And What's PHILLIPS?

Miss Kate. Not me, ARTHUR. WATTS wrote the piece, years and

years ago. It's been furnished up by another W. P. for this occasion, which it's WALTER POLLOCK. But "WATTS in a name?"

Enter Mr. HENRY IRVING as a merry, light-hearted, canary-coloured revolutionary Artist. All so glad to see him.

Good Old Arthur (growling—"and in the lowest depths a deeper still"). Where's ELLEN TERRY?

Ellen (bounding on). Here! (Breathless.) Oh, I'm so pleased! (To Enthusiastic Audience.) I'm so pleased you're pleased. Oh, I'm so happy! O ROBERT! ROBERT, toi que j'aime! (Wh spins playfully.) How nice it is to see the house so crammed full, and everyone so delighted to see you,—and me too!!

Robert Henry Irving Landry (merrily). Ay, isn't it? So cheery.

[Toys with her, and kicks about in a generally dislocated style.

Ellen (rapturously). Oh yes! You are so full of life and gaiety!

Lyceum Company (all frowning). Gaiety! Um!

Good Old Arthur (in his distant thunder base). Where's the Lord Chamberlain?

Robert Henry Irving (in his sprightliest manner, waving his arms). Nar! Nar! Never mind the Chamberlain! He's an aristocrat. We can do without him. Come! a dance! a dance!

Ellen (beaming). Yes; let's dance! (Indignantly.) Just show that Mr. LESLIE how you can dance.

Eighteen years in the Bastille. Teach him a lesson. [All dance.

Feeble Aristocrat (watching). We're out of this.

Wicked Abbé B. (assuming indifference, but scarcely able to refrain from joining in). Yes—aw—mistake not to have brought us in for this finish—and—let's—let's go and dance outside. (Aside.) Wish I was playing *Hautres* in *Caste* at the Criterion

[Exit with Feeble Aristocrat.

SCENE 2—Marguerite's Bed-chamber. Enter ELLEN MARG. DUVAL.

Ellen (at looking-glass). Oh, I am so pretty! I know I am. I said so when I played *Marguerite*, and I had much the same business—only better. Now, where are the diamonds from *Faust*? No—only a shawl. That's nice—oh, so nice! (Tries it on.) I should like to be a fine lady (cutsey), and have lots of money. (Skips.) What's this—Siebel's bouquet? Oh, no! It's from the *Faust* of this play! (Starts) and a note! Shall I read it? No—(reads it.) Oh, I was wrong to encourage the little man.

Enter Insignificant Aristocratic Voluptuary through window—Insignificant Arist. (trying to put his arms round her waist). You are mine!

Ellen (startled into telling the truth). Why, you poor weak-minded, feeble creature! What are you talking about? I've a mind "to box your ears, and send you flying out of that window.



(Remembers herself.) Oh no, I don't mean that—I mean—if you're a gentleman—leave me—unhand me—unhand me!

Insignificant Arist. (remembering something out of old Melodrama). Nay—pretty one—

Enter ROBERT HENRY IRVING, also through window. Tableau.

Robert H. I. (finding letter). Wha-a-at!! You—he—

[Overcome with emotion.

Ellen (distractedly). ROBERT—you don't suppose—

Robert H. I. (wildly). He's here—you're here—I'm here.

Wicked Abbé (entering in quite an original manner through the door, with Soldiers). No—you're not,—at least you won't be in two twos. Here's a warrant. Away with him! To the Bastille!

[ELLEN faints. Insignificant Aristocratic Voluptuary, unable to support her, lets her fall. She falls. End of Prologue.

ACT I.—Eighteen years afterwards.—Enter Good Old ARTHUR STIRLING and Miss KATE PHILLIPS, neither of them looking a day older, and merry Revolutionists. Good Old ARTHUR and talented assistants take the Bastille, then take something to drink, then they bring out helpless figure of ROBERT HENRY IRVING LANDRY, and place him in a chair. Somebody begins fling off his chains.

Kate Phillips (to Good Old ARTHUR, with a cry of surprise).

Ha! don't you recognise him?

Good Old Arthur (superciliously after taking a cursory glance at the weird figure). Yes—Rip Van Winkle.

Kate Phillips (annoyed with him). No—that was LESLIE. (ROBERT HENRY IRVING LANDRY hears the name, pushes aside his tangled locks and begins to glare.) You know him now?

Good Old Arthur (examining him more closely, but not lifting his eyes beyond his beard). Yes—it's MUNDELLA, M.P.

Kate Phillips (getting wild with him). No! No!—Can't you see—You know him?

[ROBERT HENRY LANDRY, pushes back his hair—strokes his beard, half closes his eyes, giving himself a dreamy appearance.

Mr. Arthur Stirling after taking the Bastille. Good Old Arthur (sure of it this time). Yes. It's SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON, P.R.A.

Miss Kate (losing all patience). No, you—you stupid!—don't you remember the Prologue—

Good Old Arthur (a sudden light breaking in on him). Ah! it's—it's—(goes close to him, and examines him carefully)—it's HENRY IRVING, our Manager, as ROBERT LANDRY! [Is utterly staggered.

All the Revolutionists (who, of course, are perfectly well acquainted with his name and story). ROBERT LANDRY!



Good Old Arthur (growing softly to him). You remember me?
Robert (after staring at him). No.
Good Old Arthur (a little hurt, remonstrates). Oh yes you do—you remember me—(aside to himself)—what a chance to introduce song here—"You Remember Me!"—Wish I were Manager.



"A Ruined Abbé."

In the next Act Robert says "his heart's dead," and proves it by evincing the strongest emotion on recognising Miss Ellen Marguerite, who has now become Marquise de St. Valery, having long since married the Insignificant Voluntary, and become a widow with one son, a very nice-looking lad of seventeen, who makes his first appearance on the stage. The Wicked Abbé B., now dressed in black, makes love to the Marquise, and then tells her "Robert Landry is alive," which he thinks she will be sorry to hear. And so she is. Then the Wicked Abbé and the Young Marquis are condemned to death, but Henry of the Dead Heart gives Wicked Abbé a chance of life, on condition of his fighting a duel with him, which has been skillfully arranged by Mr. WALTER POLLOCK. The Wicked Abbé, who comes on looking uncommonly like Triplet, and who has most likely seen a pantomime at Manager Rich's theatre, tries to take a mean advantage of Henry, when the latter is off his guard, by thrusting at him with his sword, aiming at the same spot in his body as the Clown selects when he has the command of the hot poker and the Pantaloon has turned his back towards him. This attempt, however, is a miserable failure, and Henry of the Dead Heart kills Wicked Abbé Triplet, who gurgles out that he dies in possession of a secret, gasps in failing tones, "Long-live-the-King!" and, with a short sharp hicough on a high treble note, expires.

Then, in the last Act, ELLEN and HENRY touch all hearts.

Ellen Marquise Marguerite (beseechingly to Dead-hearted HENRY). You're wrong. My late husband, the Marquis, was uncommonly fond of you. (With deep emotion.) He never spoke of you without tears in his eyes. (Dead-hearted HENRY begins to give way.) He only looked you up in the Bastille in fun (HENRY surprised), just for ten days, while he married me, and he wouldn't have done that if the Wicked Abbé B. hadn't come and told us you were dead. (HENRY smiles sweetly.) You see, it's all a mistake, and (cajolingly) so easily explained.

Dead-hearted Henry (seeing it all in quite a new light). So it is. I've been incarcerated for eighteen years, but (with sweet unselfish abnegation) it's of no consequence. I oughtn't to be alive, that's where the error is. So I won't be any longer. My heart isn't dead at all; it was only my liver that was a trifle torpid. But that's all right now. You shall see your son. (To Good Old ARTHUR.) Does the gaoler know her son by sight?

Good Old Arthur (readily). No.

Dead-hearted Henry. And as I am the chief of the Republican Committee, of course no one knows me by sight. So I'll take his place.

[Waves his hand cheerily to sly Marquise, and glides out sadly. Marquise Marguerite (embracing her Son). Here you are at last! Safe! Oh, what crammers I have told that ROBERT LANDRY, who believed everything I said, just as he did eighteen years ago.

Gaoler (without). Number thirty-two in the books!

Henry of the Torpid Liver (without). That's me. I'm thirty-two, and a trifle more.

Marquise (recognising the tone). Dead Heart Alive! Why, it's his voice! or some rude person imitating him again!

Henry of the T. L. (without). I am ready!

Marquise and her Son (Terryfied, the pair of them). Ready! for what?

Kind-hearted Henry (without). Ready! Aye, ready—for anything! Lead me to—the photographer's, and I'll have my head taken off by the pencil of some real good caricaturist. I don't mind that!

[Scene opens, discovering Noble HENRY of the Dead Heart and Active Liver with the limelight full on him, standing before an easel. Delight of everybody. Loud applause. Enthusiasm. Curtain. More enthusiasm.

WHAT IT MAY COME TO IN BERLIN!

SCENE—Editorial Sanctum in the Office of the "Zumtizing Zeitung." Staff of Paper discovered, trembling.

First Member of the Staff. Ah, it-is-too-altogether-awful to be borne any longer!

Second Ditto. That is so! Oh, unlucky day, when I was to a newspaper office introduced!

Flourish of trumpets, and roll of drums. Enter the Emperor-King Editor, brandishing a copy of the Journal.

Emperor-King-Editor (foaming at the mouth with anger). Near relatives of pigs! Friends and acquaintances of donkeys! How dare you admit an article saying that your Master ever listened to the Prince-Chancellor!

First and Second Members of the Staff (falling on their knees). Mercy, Sire, mercy!

E.-K.-G. (wildly). Never! Convey these scoundrels to the lowest dungeon beneath the castle moat—I should say, publishing office. (First and Second Members of the Staff are heavily chained, gagged, and removed, protesting in dumb show). So far, so good! Whom have we here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain, ushering in Manager of the Composing Department.

M. of the C. D. (bowing profoundly). Sire, we are very short of copy.

E.-K.-E. (haughtily). What of that?

M. of the C. D. (deferentially, but firmly). Well, Sire, unless we have another column and a half, we cannot possibly go to press!

E.-K.-E. (much annoyed). Nonsense! Rubbish! Boah!

M. of the C. D. (with some hesitation). Perhaps you Majesty would like to use an article standing in the overset, which would just make the proper quantity.

E.-K.-E. Why, certainly; but what is it called?

M. of the C. D. (soothingly). Well, Sire, the title is worse than the matter. Perhaps it might be altered.

E.-K.-E. (exploding). Slave! Hound! Knave! Out with it! What is it?

M. of the C. D. (trembling in every limb). It is called, Sire, "Royalty Yesterday and To-day; or, The Dead Lion versus the Live Donkey."

E.-K.-E. (with terrible calmness). Shoot this man! (The M. of the C. D. is taken away protesting.) And now he's gone, what shall I do? Columns and a half of copy wanted! Why, I never wrote a dozen original lines in my life. (Suddenly, with joy.) Happy thought! We will fill up the paper with advertisements. Where is Herr von AUGENHEIM?

An Aide-de-Camp (saluting). In prison, Sire, for failing to get a repeat for that business announcement about the insurance office.

E.-K.-E. Let him be brought before me!

[Herr von AUGENHEIM, the great Publishing Contractor, is produced in the condition of Mr. HENRY IRVING in Act I. of the "Dead Heart."

Herr von Augenheim (with a deep sigh). Ah, the past is a blank to me! All gone, gone, gone!

E.-K.-E. Now, then, cease muttering!

Herr von A. (drearily). But I have lost everything! My mind is gone, my brain is numbed, my heart is—

E.-K.-E. (impatiently). Yes, we know—your heart is dead. But that's not business. Have you enough advertisements to fill up the vacant space?

Herr von A. (wandering). Vacant space! What vacant space?

E.-K.-E. (violently). Why, he mocks me! Off with him to the lowest dungeon beneath the castle moat—I should say, publishing office!

Aide-de-Camp. It is already occupied, Your Majesty, with the two gentlemen you sent there ten minutes ago.

E.-K.-E. Well, then, have a further dungeon dug under the one in use, and put this man into it! (Herr von A. utters a piercing shriek, and is removed in a fainting condition by Warders.) And now get the paper out with a blank for the leaders.

Aide-de-Camp. And if the Public won't buy it? What shall we do then, Sire?

E.-K.-E. (with deadly determination). Why shoot them. (Relaxing his form.) But there, I have had enough of editing for to-day, and I am off to enjoy a little holiday! Put up the shutters when you have done your work. Ta-ta! See you again soon!

[Exit, jauntily, to review half a million of Troops. Curtain.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR.—Immense things are expected of Sir HENRY ISAACH. Of course, his Mayoralty will have to be judged by its fruits. Sir HENRY ISAACH is not a lineal descendant of Sir WALTER SCOTT'S "Isaac of York," who wasn't ISAACH, but "ISAAC,"—though it is pretty certain that the Lord Mayor Elect bears a strong resemblance to the great Ivanhoe family.



THE NEW PICTURE GALLERY.

"BEAUTIFUL THINGS, AREN'T THEY, MARY!"

"YES, MISS! WE'RE SO DELIGHTED DOWN-STAIRS. WE'VE ALWAYS SAID AS WHAT THIS 'OUSE WANTED WAS A NICE COLLECTION OF FAMILY PORTRAITS!"

"BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR!"

THE Heathen Chinese,
When he played with BILL NYE,
Played a hand which we see
"Twas scarce sapient to try;
But the game which those two appear
playing
Means mutual mischief—and why?

AN SIN was a cheat,
Little better was BILL;
But here where we meet
Wealth encountering Skill,
At a mad game of Beggar my Neighbour,
Which deems he may win? And which
will?

The smile of the one
Is not childlike and bland,
And there isn't much fun
In the player whose hand
Is dealt out in a fashion which shows that
This game he does not understand.

Labour flings down his card
With a force which shows spite;
Though his luck may seem hard,
It can hardly be right
To bring malice or sleight to a game
Which is not won by malice or sleight.

Sullen Capital, too,
Has a look in his eye
Which AN SIN might well view
In the orbs of BILL NYE,
When the Chinaman played that "right
bower,"
Which WILLIAM perceived with a sigh.

In Trade's fair and square game
They might both take a hand,
And with interests the same,
Did they but understand;
But this mad game of Beggar my Neighbour
Brings ruin to them—and their land.

Look at Capital's face!
There's a look *Punch* can't like.
Be it Jack against Ace,
Or Lock-Out against Strike,
There seems mutual hate in their actions;
'Tis too much like shark *versus* pike.

Capital—do not rage!
Labour—don't play the goose!
Give and take—work for wage.
If that rule you refuse,
You will find, when too late, you've been
playing
At a game where both of you must lose.

THE STRONG MAN LAST WEEK.—There are always sceptics who disbelieve in the story of SAMSON. They appeared in great force—apparently, according to the *Daily Chronicle*, in greater force than SAMSON himself,—at the Aquarium one night last week. The strong man was jeered at, and for a time SAMSON once again found himself among the Philistines and being made a sport of. With great forbearance he did not smite his enemies, and, evidently, did not "bring down the house."

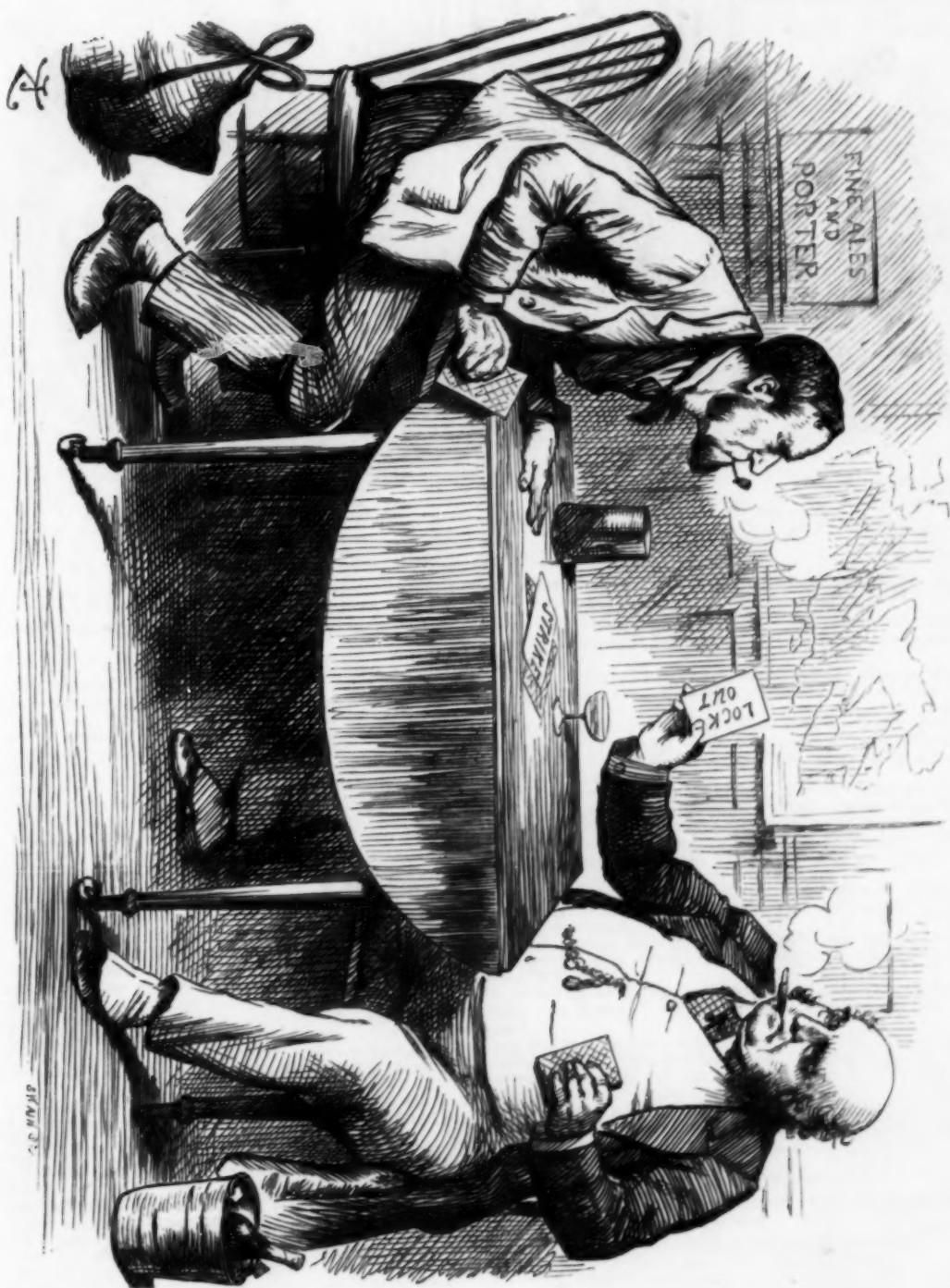
WHAT'S the difference between a friend's hand and a physician's draught?—The latter has to be well shaken before taken; the former is just *vice versa*.

AN INTERESTING FRAGMENT.

[Scrap from Waste-paper Basket, believed to have been recently in possession of a Hawarden Dustman, and blown by a side-wind to our Office.]

NICE place Paris. Nice people, too. They liked my speech in their own native tongue. Find I speak it just as fluently as Italian. Little tired of Italian: shall take up French a bit for practice. Must have object though, in order to give zest to study of language. *La République*.—*c'est la paix!* Quite so. Why shouldn't they have back Alsace-Lorraine? Might help 'em a bit with an article about the Triple Alliance. Should like to keep up my Italian contemporaneously with my French. Bring French and Italian studies together. Think I might upset that randan of Germany, Austria, Italy. *Italia la bella!* "Que diable va-t-elle faire dans cette galère?" Who shall have article when written? KNOWLES, of the so-called *Nineteenth Century*? HARRIS, of the *Fortnightly*? Under which flag? . . . ha!—flag! Bunting! *Vivent BUNTING and Contemporary!* And to think that this should be the result of my visit to the Parisian Exposition and the Tour Eiffel! One good "Tour" deserves another. Mem. Article will pay week's expenses in Paris. *Bien! très bien! Heureuse pensée en effet,—ou, en Eiffel.* Getting on with my French. *Je ferai plus pour la paix du monde que BISMARCK et son élève le jeune Empereur d'Allemagne.* *Encore une heureuse pensée,—sign it with jocular Greek name.* HOMER Gracious! ΔΑΦΝ.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—OCTOBER 12, 1889.



"BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR!"



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THE RIVAL SPORTS.

Huntsman (exercising Hounds, to non-Fox-Preserving Keeper). "UM! YOU CALL PHEASANT-SHOOTING SPORT, DO YOU? WHY, WHAT IS IT? UP GETS A GUINEA,—OFF GOES A PENNY-FARTHING,—AND, IF YOU'RE LUCKY, DOWN COMES TWO-AND-SIX! BAH!"

A FEAST OF REASON.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE recently suffered a great disappointment, and, in my distress, I write to you. It has been the dearest wish of my heart, for many years, to meet the Editor of *Notes and Queries*, a gentleman, I have been given to understand, absolutely brimming over with information. That wish seemed on the point of realisation, when I received a letter from a friend, inviting me to meet the erudite gentleman at the festive board. I rushed to my desk, where I keep a number of lists of questions that I have prepared to suit any occasion on which (to quote the song) "I may meet him," and looked eagerly through them. I discarded "Queries for an interview on the top of the Monument," "Ditto for ditto at Mr. SPURGEON'S Tabernacle," "Ditto for ditto at a first night at the Lyceum," "Ditto for ditto in a Turkish Bath," in favour of "Ditto for ditto at a small convivial dinner-party."

Judge of my sorrow when the post brought me a second note from my friend, informing me that, as the best-informed man in the world (as I think I may safely call the Editor of *N. and Q.*) had a previous engagement, our own genial gathering, for the present, must be "off." I am terribly cast down, and, for the moment, all is gloomy about me. That you may judge of the amount of knowledge I proposed to add to my store, I subjoin a list of the questions to which I fondly hoped to obtain answers during the course of what would have been to me a delightful and intellectual meal.

1. Who invented soup; when and where? If the inventor was an Englishman, give his coat-of-arms and pedigree as recorded in the *Heralds' Visitations*.
2. In whose reign was birds'-nest soup introduced into China? What were the other principal events of this Monarch's tenure of Celestial Power?
3. Is it true that *potage à la jardinière* is a favourite dish of DON CARLOS? If it is not, what is the customary diet of the ex-Pretender to the Spanish throne?
4. How is cod-fish prepared in (1) Greenland, (2) Mexico, (3) Turkey in Europe, and some parts of (4) Herne Bay?
5. What are the chief reasons for supposing that *sauce à la Cardinal* was invented by MAZARIN and not RICHELIEU?
6. Were oyster-patties known to the Romans? What would be the chief ingredients of a luncheon-basket intended for discussion in the Second Century by a number of patricians at a classical picnic party? Would the slaves be allowed to partake of the good things;

and, if so, what would be their *pecuniam*, as defined by the laws of JUSTINIAN?

7. What is the origin of the term *sweet-bread*? Give six illustrations of a similar application of a compound word to describe an article of food.

8. What was the plot of the *Mask* that was being played at Whitehall, when the Merry Monarch knighted Sir Loin of Beef?

9. Trace the history of apple-tart from its invention, until the end of the reign of QUEEN ANNE.

10. What are the reasons *pro* and *con*, for believing or disbelieving that jelly in some shape or form was known to the South-Sea Islanders from the earliest times? Give in support of your contentions, quotations from the works of (1) Captain COOK, (2) Sir WALTER RALEIGH, and (3) VASCO DE GAMA, bearing upon this interesting subject.

11. What do you know about *Meringues à la crème*? Relate the anecdote that connects the name of MARIE ANTOINETTE with this delightful confection.

12. Give a short history of the Game Laws, emphasising the differences that exist between the statutes of (1) England, (2) France, and the (3) Colonies.

13. What were the principal dishes at the Coronation Banquet of GEORGE THE FOURTH? Which of them were entirely free from cheese?

I am still looking forward to meeting the Editor. Should you be so fortunate as to run across him before I do, may I beg of you (as a personal favour) to put the above questions to him, and when obtained send me his replies.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Punch, yours sincerely,

A THIRSTER AFTER KNOWLEDGE DAY AND NIGHT.

Cur "Loafere" Vocatur?

Tommius Etonensis ad eum bonum amicum Punchium poeticam mittit Epistolam.

AUXILIUM mi *Punch*e tuum da, candide iudex!
Et ne crede precor quæ de me *Tempora* dicunt.
Non ludos cuto quia solus loafere velo;
Nec nolo parvus cum parvis kickere ballum;
Sed quod non liko est mixtum scrimige magno
Meipsum, pedibus cum contentione solutis,
Pro ballo designatos recipere kickos!
Hoc *Punch*e crede mihi est et fons et origo malorum!



MUCH TOO DIFFIDENT TO PLEASE!

Shy but well-meaning Youth (to Elderly Young Lady). "ER—WILL YOU—ER—GIVE ME A DANCE? I WOULDN'T VENTURE TO ASK YOU, BUT THERE'S NOBODY ELSE NOT DANCING!"

EXTRACT FROM A CONSCIENTIOUS COUNTY COUNCILMAN'S DIARY.

In the interests of the public, and as a County Councillor, determined to collect evidence about Music-Halls. Told wife so. She asked, "What is there objectionable in Music-Halls?" Couldn't exactly tell her. Replied, "Ventilation—they soon become too hot. All places of amusement ought to be under strict supervision." "In case of fire?" she asked. I replied, "Yes: that among other things." Wife wanted to know if there was good music at the Music-Halls. Told her that this was one object of my visiting them. Our Chairman, Lord ROSEBERRY, very particular about the music being good. She observed, "that she could be of some use in this matter, on account of her musical education, and would like to accompany me." Awkward. Turn it off with jest. "Accompany me? What on? Piano?" Created diversion, and went out for the day. Determined not to return. Wired from City to say "County Council business. Lord ROSEBERRY cannot get on without me." Always bring in ROSEBERRY. Useful. Wife likes idea of my going about with Nobleman. Dined early with SMITHSON, and went to the Little Turk's Head Music-Hall.

8 P.M.—Rather hot. Sixpence entrance, shilling best seats, near the Chairman. Ordered drinks for two, and cigars. Heard the Sisters SQUEELAH in duet and duologue, "Where did you go last Sunday?" SMITHSON roared with laughter. Funny chorus. Everybody joined in, "Where did you go last Sunday? How did you feel on Monday?" Forget the rest. Had to leave because we were going on elsewhere. SMITHSON sorry to go. As we got near the bar couldn't help remarking (for County Council purposes) some very nicely dressed young persons. SMITHSON whispered to me, "Superior people." Thought so, till they commenced singing choruses pointedly at us, and asking, "Where did you go last Sunday?" Made note for evidence. This must be put down. Must ask where the song is published.

9.30 P.M.—The Imperial Music-Hall. Brilliant. Crowded. Just in time to hear the great SMASH singing, "Click! Click! Click!" Very droll. Capital chorus. Soon learnt it. Made friends with Chairman. Ordered liquors and cigars. "Click! Click! Click! That's the very thing, Take care how you wind up your watch, Or you ma' break the spring!" Saw acrobats and ventriloquist. Some

of ventriloquist's dialogue with man up the chimney in questionable taste. Must make a note of this for C. C. purposes. Man up chimney ought to be put down.

10.15 P.M.—The Papillon. Driven here rapidly. Think Manager recognised me. Don't recognise him. SMITHSON getting stupid, laughs at everything, and joins in chorus at wrong times. SMITHSON nearly turned out. Noisy place this. Licence must be refused.

10.45 P.M.—Where are we? Have to shake SMITHSON out of cab. He wakes up, but nearly tumbles down. Says it's the heat. We enter the Merryopolitan Music-Hall. Boo'ful girl on platform singing. People in hall noisy and rude. Shall 'port circ'stance. Make note. Who's singing? "LITTLE LOTTIE." "What about?" SMITHSON asks. I repeat words of song: "The Canon and the Cockatoo." Very funny. "Polly, Polly, pretty Polly, cocky Cockatoo. Jolly, jolly, ain't it jolly—Here's a how dee do!" Great noise. I ask people to be quiet. Worse row. Lost sight of SMITHSON. See him in distance at bar. Difficulty in getting to him. Place horribly misconducted. What do they mean by shouting "Outside! Outside?" Is it a chorus? . . . I am outside. So's SMITHSON. Shall report this place. Civil policeman sees us into cab. Drop SMITHSON on the way—that is, I think I've dropped him, as he isn't in cab when I get home. Nearly one o'clock. Go up-stairs, quietly humming "Polly, Polly—Click, click, click—Where did you go last Sunday?" Voice from bedroom says, "I wish you wouldn't make that noise. It's disgraceful!" Perfectly 'gree. "Polly, Polly, click, click"—tune haunts me. Begin to explain through door that I've been visiting Music-Halls in the interests of the morality of London. Voice from pillow says, "Oh, a nice sort of moralist you are! No more of your Lord ROSEBERRIES and County Councils here! You don't go out again without me!" Won't discuss subject now. Lights out . . .

Next Morning.—Headache. Quite agree with wife. Such places must be under strictest supervision. "You require strict supervision," she says. Get out on condition of coming home very early to take wife to theatre. Called on SMITHSON. He has left town. Shall never be able to visit Music-Halls again. Shall oppose all the licences for Music-Halls to-morrow. "Polly! Polly! Polly!" Can't get it out of my head.

FURS.

[A writer on fashion says that Autumn dresses are being prepared with borders of furs, chinchilla being much in request.]

FASHION bids you wear furs that will fill a
Fond heart with delight, for full soon
You'll be charming and chic in chinchilla,
And ravishing quite in racoon.
Silver fox may be praised, but leave ermine
For monarchs. Among all the rest,
I'm sure, dear, I cannot determine
The fur in which you'll look the best.

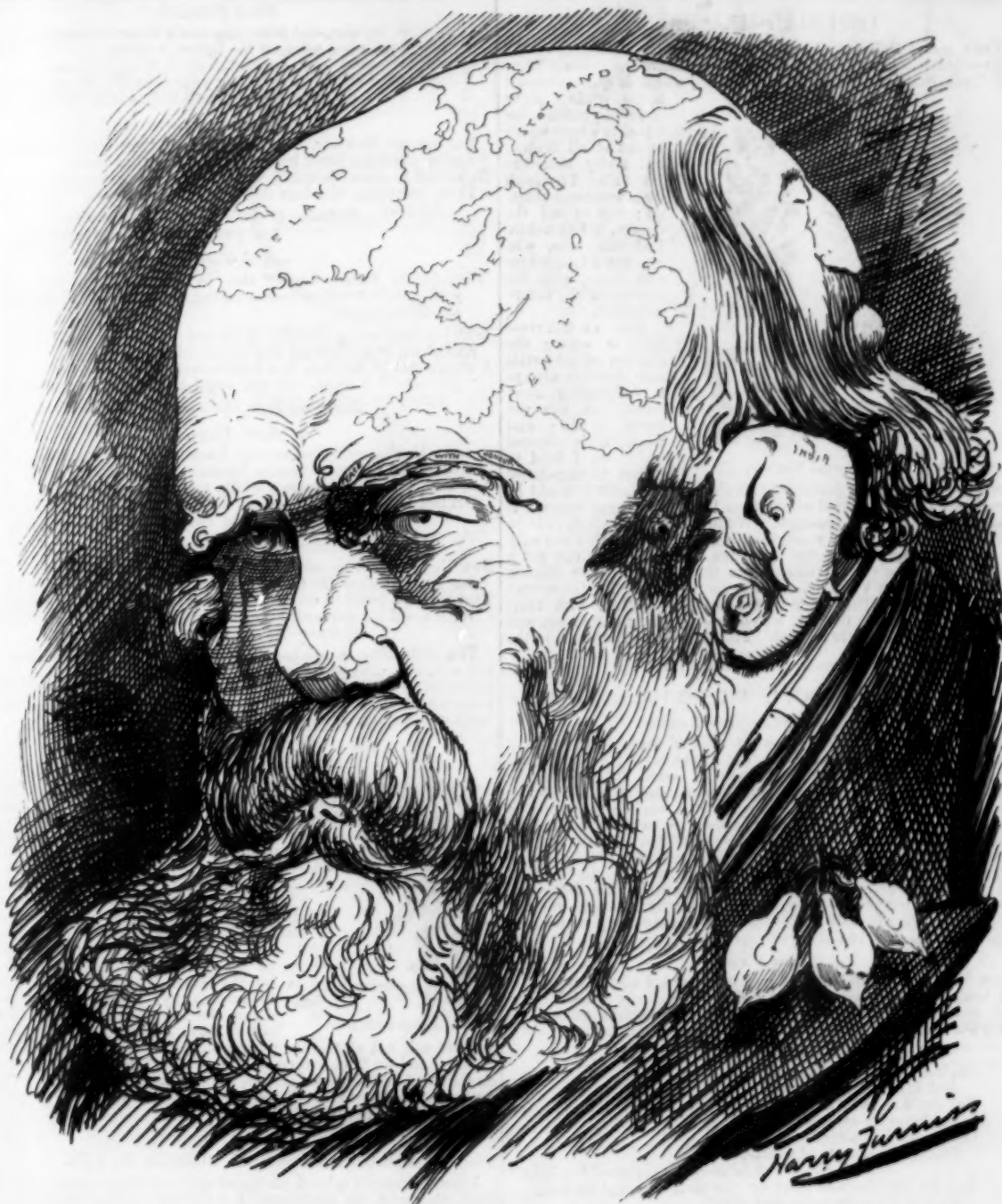
You have called your poor poet a dreamer;
In sooth, dear, he dreams but of thee,
And he vows you'll look simply "a screamer,"
When fur-clad, whatever it be.
While he swears that he gladly would peel skin,
Could his hide be made handsome by art;
But alas! he must yield to the seal-skin,
That can count all the beats of your heart.

FROM OUR COURT NEWSMAN.

ONE of the funniest things on the Stage at the present moment is the frock-coat worn by Mr. WEDDON GROSSMITH (with Mr. WEDDON GROSSMITH in it) as *Juffe*, *Aunt Jack's* Country Solicitor. As for the piece, already noticed by one of *Mr. Punch's* young men, its first two Acts are ingeniously constructed, and very amusing, but the last is too outrageously farcical,—Author and Actors both to blame,—though, for all that, Mrs. WOOD, the Inimitable, ought to sing two verses of the comic song, and the comic song ought to have been one written specially for her, and not an ordinary Music-hall ditty, sung by kind permission of Mr. JAMES FAWN. Glad to see that Miss FLORENCE WOOD, the Inimitable's daughter, is playing very nicely in the piece. She is a bright and lively young lady,—quite a Flo' of good spirits. ARTHUR CECIL's head is a master-piece of the making-up art; it quite makes up for anything that is deficient in the part.

CONTEMPORANEOUS.

"Ovridarés." All papers quote it;
State "ow 'tis" written, but not "oo 'tis" wrote it.



MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE-HEADED PEOPLE. No. 2.

A DEFINITION.

WHAT is Parliament? A place men may admire, respect, or hate, Where the Electorate's elect orate to the Electorate.

DR. FARRAR'S "BROTHERHOOD."—"Monastic dress isn't much good in the winter," observed Canon WAGSTAFFE to the Arch-deacon of WESTMINSTER. Dr. FARRAR requested to be informed

why this was so. "Because," returned the lively Canon, "a monk always feels thoroughly 'cowl'd.'" The Canon exploded, and went off.

FOREWARNED.—A piece entitled *Mahomet* is announced as in rehearsal, with MOUNET-SULLY in the principal part. When produced, M. MOUNET-SULLY and the Manager will have to scrutinise most narrowly the nightly returns, as it is so easy to be deceived by the appearance of a false profit.

IMPERIAL MEASURES.

VERY pretty Ballet at the Empire, showing the gathering of the Representatives of all Nations at the Paris Exhibition. JOHN BULL and Uncle SAM are on most friendly terms, which is quite pleasant



Tripping an Imperial Measure.

to see, while a party of Scotch youths dance a reel to a tune which is not at all Scotch, but really Monsieur HERVÉ's. The Irish jig is welcomed heartily; but of all the dances, a Lancashire Lad and Lass, who execute a Lancashire clog-dance, gain the success of the entertainment. Mlle. DE SORTIS—who is among the dancers of all sorts and sizes—is always a fascinating danseuse, but has not much to do; and when all's danced and done, I hold to it that the clog-dance above-mentioned is the feature of this show, as no doubt it would be in real life, if this youthful couple from Lancashire began dancing it in the grounds of the Exposition. Wouldn't the *sergents de ville* be down on them at once, very naturally concluding that this was only an English adaptation of the forbidden *Cancan*? You can get a first-rate evening's entertainment at the Empire. The Hanlon Voltas, or Hang-on Vaulters, are *ce première force*. The GRIFFITHS BROTHERS are still the "safe" men as an attraction, with their wonderful performing donkey, who does everything but speak, and he's not such an ass as to do that. The star of the Empire is in the ascendant.

MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

NO. X.—DISINTERESTED PASSION.

WHEN a Music-hall Singer does not treat of the tender passion in a rakish and knowing spirit, he is apt to exhibit an unworldliness truly ideal in its noble indifference to all social distinctions. So amiable a tendency deserves encouragement, and Mr. Punch has much pleasure in offering the following little idyl to the notice of any Mammoth Comique who may happen to be in a sentimental mood. It is supposed to be sung by a scion of the nobility, and the *artiste* will accordingly present himself in a brown "billy-cock" hat, a long grey frock-coat, fawn-coloured trousers, white "spats," and primrose, or green, gloves—the recognised attire of a Music-hall aristocrat. A powerful, though not necessarily tuneful, voice is desirable for the adequate rendering of this ditty; any words it is inconvenient to sing, can always be spoken.

First Verse.

When first I met my MARY ANN, she stood behind a barrow—
A bower of enchantment spread with many a dainty snack!
And, as I gazed, I felt my heart transfixed with Cupid's arrow,
For she opened all her oysters with so fairylike a knack.

Refrain (throaty, but tender).

She's only a little Plebeian!
And I'm a Patrician swell!
But she's as sweet as Aurora, and how I adore her,
No eloquence ever can tell!
Only a fried-fish vend-ar!
Selling her saucers of whilks,

[Almost defiant stress on the word "whilks."

But, for me, she's as splend-ar—far more true and tend-ar,
Than if she wore satins and silks!

[The grammar of the last two lines is shaky, but the Lion-Comique must try to put up with that, and, after all, does sincere emotion ever stop to think about grammar? If it does, Music-hall audiences don't—which is the main point.

Second Verse.

I longed before her little feet to grovel in the gutter:
I vowed, unless I won her as a wife, 'twould drive me mad!
Until at last a shy consent I coaxed her lips to utter,
For she dallied with her Anglo-Dutch, and whispered, "Speak to Dad!"

Refrain—For she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

Third Verse.

I called upon her sire, and found him lowly born, but brawny,
A noble type, when sober, of the British Artisan;
I grasped his honest hand, and didn't mind its being horny:
"Behold!" I cried, "a suitor for your daughter, MARY ANN!"
Refrain—Though she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

Fourth Verse.

"You ask me, Guv'nor, to resign," said he, "my only treasure,
And so a toff her fickle heart away from me has won!"
He turned to mask his manly woe behind a pewter measure—
Then, breathing blessings through the beer, he said: "All right,
my son! Refrain—If she's only a little Plebeian,
And you're a Patrician swell"—&c.

Fifth Verse.

(The Author flatters himself that, in quiet sentiment and homely pathos, he has seldom done anything finer than the two succeeding stanzas.)

Next I sought my noble father in his old ancestral castle,
And at his gouty foot my love's fond offering I laid—
A simple gift of shellfish, in a neat brown-paper parcel!
"Ah, Sir!" I cried, "if you could know, you'd love my little
maid!" Refrain—True, she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

Sixth Verse.

Beneath his shaggy eyebrows soon I saw a tear-drop twinkle;
That artless present overcame his stubborn Norman pride!
And when I made him taste a whilk, and try a periwinkle,
His last objections vanished—so she's soon to be my bride!
Refrain—Ah! she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

Seventh Verse.

Now Heraldry's a science that I haven't studied much in,
But I mean to ask the College—if it's not against their rules—
That three periwinkles proper may be quartered on our 'scutcheon,
With a whilk regardant, rampant, on an oyster-knife, all gules!
Refrain—As she's only a little Plebeian, &c.

This little ditty, which has the true, unmistakable ring about it, and will, Mr. Punch believes, touch the hearts of any Music-hall audience, is entirely at the service of any talented *artiste* who will undertake to fit it with an appropriate melody, and sing it in a spirit of becoming seriousness.

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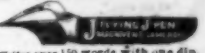


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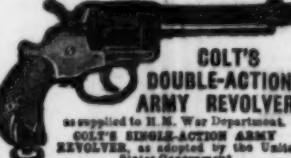
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